

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE REVEREND AND THE BOY.

A TRANSLATION.

- R.* COME hither, boy, and now confess; art thou a Saint indeed?
Hast thou been dup'd and led astray by that old Mormon creed?
- B.* The truth I'll say, my Reverend Sir, I am a Mormon bold;
And this because the Mormon faith is just the faith of old.
- R.* What knows a little boy like you about the faith of old?
The Mormons lead all men to hell, if true what I am told.
- B.* 'Tis true that I but little know—yet know so much as this,
That God revealed this faith to me to be the way to bliss.
- R.* No one in these enlighten'd days should dare believe such stuff;
God did reveal in *ancient times*, and then reveal'd enough.
- B.* No, sir, he also *now* reveals—I know of God 'tis so:
Whoever does his holy will, this for himself shall know.
- R.* Come, hold thy peace, thou foolish boy; thou art presumptuous now;
Dost thou pretend to teach what I, God's servant, do not know!
- B.* You may be learned, Sir, and wise, like many sons of men;
But, mind, before you'll know the truth, you must be born *again*.
- R.* Is it the Saints that teach thee thus to treat a man of God?
Good child, repent, and turn away from that deluded lot.
- B.* Where can I go, and learn the *whole* that Christ revealed to man?
I find that all your sects don't *half* believe the Gospel plan.
- R.* Believe no word the Mormons say, they are despised by all;
Join such as are *respectable*, and don't remain in thrall.
- B.* All false religions are, good Sir, respected by all men;
But when we do the will of God, we shall be hated then.
- R.* Don't lose thy soul, my dear boy, by following fools to hell;
If thou wilt only leave the Saints, I'll promise to thee well.
- B.* 'Twas said by Christ that woe to him who'd hinder one like me;
It would be better for his sake, to drown him in the sea.
- R.* Thou, little rascal!—now I'll go—I'll talk no more with thee;
Believe the Saints, and go to hell, where Mormons all shall be.
- B.* The tempter's gone—and, O my God, to thee all thanks I owe,
For thou didst give thy strength to me to triumph o'er my foe!

May 28, 1852.

J. DAVIS.

TOM'S ESCAPE.

Poor Tom, the caged green linnet,

A prisoner long had been;

The flower pots and myrtle

Were all the world he'd seen.

One day he gain'd more freedom,

And had to play about;

But he, the rogue, unheeded,

Right thro' the door flew out.

"Tom's gone! Tom's gone!" was shouted,

"He's gone to the pear tree!"

There Tom was 'midst the blossoms,

A prisoner just got free!

In view they brought his prison,

With choicest things within,

To welcome him to enter,

But Tom they fail'd to win.

Good bye! thou blest with freedom;

Go, preach the snares of man,

And duly warn thy comrades

To shun them, if they can;

Go, tell them of the prison

That man had made for thee;

And be thou, like the poet,

A friend to Liberty.

April 27, 1848.

J. DAVIS.